LEWIS BABOON

Turned Honeſt,

Rich Parkhurſt Esq

AND

JOHN BULL POLITICIAN.

Being

The FOURTH PART

OF

Law is a Bottomleſs-Pit.

Printed from a Manuſcript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir *Humphry Poleſworth*: And Publiſh'd, (as well as the Three former Parts and *Appendix*) by the Author of the NEW ATALANTIS.

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PREFACE.

WHOEVER undertakes to write a Preface, is in Danger of being thought Vain, Impertinent, Affected, Singular, Pedantick, Ridiculous, Arrogant, Impudent, Illiterate, Dull, Ignorant, Mad, Knavish, Opinionated, Positive, Sophistical, Tedious, Abusive, Scurrilous, Tautological, Vexatious, Troublesome, Fantastical, Whimsical, Troublesome, Impertinent, Illegible, Contemptible, Nonsensical, Barbarous, Profane, Orthodox, Heterodox, Blasphemous, Treasonable, Obscene, Libellous, Dishonest, Unconscionable, Knavish, Slanderous, Malicious, Factious, Seditious, Prophane, Illegible, Horrid, Terrible, Appocryphal, Straggling, Illegible, Illegible, Illegible

THE PREFACE.

WHEN I *was first call'd to the Office of Hiſtoriographer to* John Bull, *he expreſs'd himſelf to this purpoſe:* Sir *Humphry*, I know you are a plain Dealer; it is for that Reaſon I have choſen you for this important Truſt; ſpeak the Truth, and ſpare not. *That I might fulfil thoſe his honourable Intentions, I obtain'd Leave to* repair *to, and attend him in his moſt ſecret Retirements; and I put the Journals of all Tranſactions into a ſtrong* Box, *to be open'd at a fitting Occaſion, after the manner of the Hiſtoriographers of ſome Eaſtern Monarchs: This I thought was the ſafeſt way; tho' I declare I was never afraid to be* chop'd *by my Maſter for telling of Truth. It is from thoſe Journals that my Memoirs are compil'd: Therefore let not Poſterity, a thouſand Years hence, look for Truth in the voluminous Annals of Pedants, who are entirely ignorant of the ſecret Springs of great Actions; if they do, let me tell them, they will be* Nebus'd. *With incredible Pains have I endeavour'd to copy the ſeveral Beauties of the an-*

cient and modern Historians; the impartial Temper of Herodotus, *the Gravity, Austerity, and strict Morals of* Thucidides, *the extensive Knowledge of* Xenophon, *the Sublimity and* Grandeur *of* Titus Livius, *and to avoid the careless Stile of* Polybius: *I have borrow'd considerable Ornaments from* Dionysius Halicarnasseus *and* Diodorus Siculus: *The specious Gilding of* Tacitus *I endeavour'd to shun.* Mariana, Davila, *and* Fra. Paulo, *are those amongst the Moderns whom I thought most worthy of Imitation; but I cannot be so disingenuous, as not to own the infinite Obligations I have to the* Pilgrim's Progress *of* John Bunyan, *and the* Tentel Belly *of the Reverend* Joseph Hall. *From such Encouragement and Helps, it is easy to guess to what a degree of Perfection I might have brought this great Work, had it not been nip'd in the Bud by some illiterate People in both Houses of Parliament, who envying the great Figure I was to make in future Ages, under Pretence of raising Money for the War, have padlock'd all those very Pens that were to celebrate the Actions of their Heroes, by silencing at once the whole University of* Grub-street. *I am perswaded, that nothing but the Prospect of an approaching Peace could have encouraged them to make so bold a step. But suffer me, in the Name of the rest of the Matriculates of that famous University, to ask them some plain Questions: Do they think that Peace will bring along with it the Golden Age? Will there be never a Dying Speech of a Traitor? Are* Cethegus

and Catiline turn'd so many Thousands loose, that there will be no opportunity to try about the Streets a Dangerous Plot? Will Peace bring such Plenty, that no Gentleman will have occasion to go upon the Highway, or break into a House? I am sorry that the World should be so much impos'd upon by the Dreams of a False Prophet, as to imagine the Millennium is at hand. O Grubstreet! thou fruitful Nursery of towring Genius's! how do I lament thy Downfall? Thy Ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to English Liberty: No modern Lycæum will ever equal thy Glory, whether in soft Pastorals, thou sung the Flames of pamper'd Apprentices and coy Cook-Maids, or mournful Ditties of departing Lovers; or if to Mæonian Strains thou rais'd thy Voice, to record the Stratagems, the arduous Exploits, and the nocturnal Scalade of needy Heroes, the Terror of your peaceful Citizen, describing the powerful Betty, or the artful Picklock, or the secret Caverns and Grotto's of Vulcan sweating at his Forge, and stamping the Queens Image on viler Metals, which he retails for Beef, and Pots of Ale; or if thou wert content in simple Narrative to relate the cruel Acts of implacable Revenge, or the Complaints of raviſh'd Virgins, blushing to tell their Adventure before the listening Crowd of City Damsels, whilst in thy faithful History thou intermingles the gravest Counsels and the purest Morals: Nor less acute and piercing wert thou in thy Search and pompous Description of the Works of Nature, whether in pro-

per

per and emphatick Terms thou didſt paint the blazing Comets fiery Tale, the ſtupendous Force of dreadful Thunder and Earthquakes, and the unrelenting Inundations. Sometimes with Machiavelian Sagacity, thou unravelleſt the Intrigues of State, and the traiterous Conſpiracies of Rebels giving wiſe Counſel to Monarchs. How didſt thou move our Terror and our Pity with thy paſſionate Scenes, between Jack-catch *and the Heroes of the* Old-Baily! *How didſt thou deſcribe their intrepid March up* Holborn-Hill! *Nor didſt thou ſhine leſs in thy theological Capacity, when thou gaveſt ghoſtly Counſel to dying Felons, and recorded the guilty Pangs of Sabbath-breakers! How will the noble Arts of* John Overton's *Painting and Sculpture now languiſh! where rich Invention, proper Expreſſion, correct Deſign, divine Altitudes, and artful Contraſt, heighten'd with the Beauties of* Clar-Obſcur, *embelliſh'd thy celebrated Pieces to the Delight and Aſtoniſhment of the judicious Multitude! Adieu perſuaſive Eloquence! the quaint Metaphor, the poinant Irony, the proper Epithet, and the lively Simile, are fled to* Burleigh on the Hill: *Inſtead of theſe, we ſhall have* I know not what ——

* *Vid.* Bp. of *St. Aſaph's* Preface.

* The Illiterate will tell the reſt with Pleaſure! *I hope the Reader will excuſe this Digreſſion, due by way of Condolance to my worthy Brethren of* Grub-ſtreet, *for the approaching Barbarity that is likely to overſpread all its Regions, by this oppreſſive and exorbitant Tax. It has been my good For-*

tune

time to receive my Education there; and so long as I preserv'd some Figure and Rank among st the Learned of that Society, I scorn'd to take my Degree either at Utrecht *or* Leyden, *though I was offer'd it* gratis *by the Professors there.*

THE

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LEWIS

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JOHN BULL POLITICIAN.

CHAP. I.

The Sequel of the Hiſtory of the Meeting at the Salutation,

WHere, I think, I left *John Bull*, ſitting betwеen *Nic. Frog* and *Lewis Baboon*, with his Arms *a-kimbo*, in great Concern to keep *Lewis* and *Nic.* aſunder. As warchful as he was, *Nic.* found the Means, now and then, to ſteal a Whiſper, and, by a cleanly Conveyance under the Table, to ſlip a ſhort Note into *Lewis*'s hand,

which *Lewis* as slyly put into *John*'s Pocket, with a Pinch or a Jog, to warn him what he was about. *John* had the Curiosity to retire into a Corner, to peruse these *Billet deux* of *Nic*'s; wherein he found, that *Nic.* had used great Freedoms, both with his Interest and Reputation. One contained these words, *Dear* Lewis, *Thou seest clearly that this Blockhead can never bring his Matters to bear: Let thee and me talk to night by our selves at the* Rose, *and I'll give thee Satisfaction.* Another was thus expres's'd; *Friend* Lewis, *Has thy Sense quite forsaken thee, to make* Bull *such Offers? Hold fast, part with nothing, and I will give thee a better Bargain, I'll warrant thee.*

In some of his Billets, he told *Lewis* "that "*John Bull* was under his Guardianship; "that the best part of his Servants were at "his Command; that he could have *John* "gagg'd and bound whenever he pleased, "by the People of his own Family." In all these Epistles, Blockhead, Dunce, Ass, Coxcomb, were the best Epithets he gave poor *John*: In others he threatned, "that He, "Esquire *South*, and the rest of the Tradesmen, would lay *Lewis* down upon his Back, "beat out his Teeth, if he did not retire "immediately, and break up the Meeting.

I fancy I need not tell my Reader, that *John* often chang'd Colour as he read, and that his Fingers itch'd to give *Nic.* a good Slap on the Chops; but he wisely moderated

his

his cholerick Temper: "I ſav'd this Fellow
"(quoth he) from the Gallows when he ran
"away from his laſt Maſter, becauſe I thought
"he was hardſhly treated, but the Rogue was
"no ſooner ſafe under my Protection, than
"he began to lie, pilfer, and ſteal, like the
"Devil: When I firſt ſet him up in a warm
"Houſe, he had hardly put up his Sign,
"when he began to debauch my beſt Cu-
"ſtomers from me: Then it was his con-
"ſtant Practice to rob my Fiſh-ponds, not
"only to feed his Family, but to trade with
"the Fiſhmongers: I conniv'd at the Fellow
"till he began to tell me, that they were
"his as much as mine: In my Manour of
"*Eaſtcheap*, becauſe it lay at ſome diſtance
"from my conſtant Inſpection, he broke
"down my Fences, robb'd my Orchards, and
"beat my Servants. When I us'd to repri-
"mand him for his Tricks, he would talk
"ſaucily, lye, and brazen it out, as if he
"had done nothing amiſs. Will nothing
"cure thee of thy Pranks *Nic.* (quoth I?) I
"ſhall be forced, ſome time or another, to
"chaſtiſe thee: The Rogue got up his Cane
"and threatned me, and was well thwack'd
"for his Pains: But I think his Behaviour
"at this time worſt of all; after I have al-
"moſt drowned my ſelf, to keep his Head
"above Water, he would leave me ſticking
"in the Mud, truſting to his Goodneſs to
"help me out. After I have beggar'd my

"self with his troublesome Law-Suit, with
"a Pox to him, he takes it in mighty Dud-
"geon because I have brought him here to
"end Matters amicably, and because I won't
"let him make me over, by Deed and Inden-
"ture, as his lawful Cully; which, to my
"certain Knowledge, he has attempted se-
"veral times. But, after all, canst thou ga-
"ther Grapes from Thorns? *Nic.* does not
"pretend to be a Gentleman, he is a Trades-
"man, a self-seeking Wretch, but how ca-
"mest thou to bear all this, *John*? The Rea-
"son is plain; Thou conferrest the Benefits,
"and he receives them; the first produces
"Love, and the last Ingratitude: Ah! *Nic.*
"*Nic*, thou art a damn'd Dog, that's cer-
"tain; thou knowest too well, that I will
"take care of thee, else thou would'st not
"use me thus: I won't give thee up, it is
"true; but as true as it is, thou shalt not sell
"me, according to thy laudable Custom.
"While *John* was deep in this Soliloquy,
"*Nic.* broke out into the following Protesta-
"tion.

"*Gentlemen*,

"I believe every body here present will
"allow me to be a very just and disinte-
"rested Person. My Friend *John Bull* here
"is very angry with me, forsooth, because
"I won't agree to his foolish Bargains. Now
"I declare to all Mankind, I should be ready

"to

" to sacrifice my own Concerns to his Quiet -
" but the care of his Interest, and that of the
" honest Tradesmen that are embarkd with
" us, keeps me from entring into this Com-
" position. What shall become of those poor
" Creatures? The Thoughts of their impen-
" ding Ruin disturbs my Night's Rest, there-
" fore I desire they may speak for themselves.
" If they are willing to give up this Affair,
" I shan't make two words of it.

John Bull begg'd him to lay aside that immoderate Concern for him; and withal, put him in mind, that the Interest of those Tradesmen had not sat quite so heavy upon him some Years ago, on a like Occasion. *Nic.* answer'd little to that, but immediately pull'd out a Boatswain's Whistle; upon the first Whiff, the Tradesmen came jumping into the Room, and began to surround *Lewis* like so many yelping Curs about a great Boar, or, to use a modester Simile, like Duns at a great Lord's Levè the Morning he goes into the Country; one pull'd him by the Sleeve, another by the Skirt, a third hallow'd in his Ear; they began to ask him for all that had been taken from their Forefathers by Stealth, Fraud, Force, or lawful Purchase; some ask'd for Manours, others for Acres, that lay convenient for them; that he would pull down his Fences, level his Ditches; all agreed in one common Demand, that he should be

purg'd,

purg'd, ſweated, vomited, and ſtarv'd, till he came to a ſizeable Bulk, like that of his Neighbours; one modeſtly ask'd him Leave to call him Brother; *Nic. Frog* demanded two Things, to be his Porter and his Fiſhmonger, to keep the Keys of his Gates, and furniſh his Kitchen; *John*'s Siſter *Peg* only deſir'd that he would let his Servants ſing Pſalms a Sundays; ſome deſcended even to the aſking of old Cloaths, Shoes, and Boots, broken Bottles, Tobacco-pipes, and Ends of Candles.

Monſieur *Bull* (quoth *Lewis*) you ſeem to be a Man of ſome Breeding; for God's ſake uſe your Intereſt with theſe Meſſieurs, that they wou'd ſpeak but one at once; for if one had a hundred pair of Hands, and as many Tongues, he cannot ſatisfy them all at this rate. *John* begg'd they might proceed with ſome Method; then they ſtop'd all of a ſudden, and would not ſay a word. If this be your Play (quoth *John*) that we may not be like a Quaker's dumb Meeting, let us begin ſome Diverſion; what d'ye think of Rouly-Pouly, or a Country-Dance? What if we ſhould have a Match at Football! I am ſure we ſhall never end Matters at this rate.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

How John Bull *and* Nic. Frog *settled their Accompts.*

J. Bull. *During this general Cessation of Talk, what if You and I* Nic. *should enquire how Money-matters stand between us?*

Nic. Frog. *With all my Heart, I love exact Dealing; and let* Hocus *Audit; he knows how the Money was disburs'd.*

J. Bull. *I am not much for that at present: we'll settle it between Ourselves: Fair and Square* Nic. *keeps Friends together. There have been laid out in this Law-Suit, at one time* 36000 *Pounds and* 40000 *Crowns: In some Cases I, in others you, bear the greatest proportion.*

Nic. *Right: I pay three Fifths of the greatest Number, and you pay two Thirds of the lesser Number; I think this is Fair and Square as you call it.*

John. *Well, go on.*

Nic. *Two Thirds of* 36000 *Pounds are* 24000 *Pounds for your Share, and there remains* 12000 *for mine. Again, Of the* 40000 *Crowns I pay* 24000, *which is three Fifths, and you pay only* 16000, *which is two Fifths;* 24000 *Crowns make* 6000 *Pounds, and* 16000 *Crowns make* 4000 *Pounds;* 12000 *and* 6000 *make* 18000: 24000 *and* 4000 *makes* 28000. *So there are* 18000 *Pounds to my Share of the Expences, and* 28000 *to yours.*

After

After *Nic.* had bambouzled *John* a while about the 18000 and the 28000, *John* call'd for Counters; but what with Slight of Hand, and taking from his own Score and adding to *John*'s, *Nic.* brought the Balance always on his own ſide.

J. Bull. Nay, good Friend *Nic*, though I am not quite ſo nimble in the Fingers, I underſtand Cyphering as well as you: I will produce you my Accompts one by one, fairly writ out of my own Books: And here I begin with the firſt. You muſt excuſe me if I don't pronounce the Law Terms right.

[*John Reads.*]

	l.	s.	d.
Fees to the Lord Ch. Juſtice and other Judges, by way of Dividend	200	10	06
Fees to puny Judges	50	00	00
To Eſquire *South* for *poſt Terminums*	100	10	06
To ditto for *Non eſt Factums*	200	00	00
To ditto for *Diſcontinuance, Noli proſequi*, and *Retraxit*	80	10	06
To ditto for a *Non Omittas*, and Filing a *poſt Diem*	50	00	00
To *Hocus* for a *Dedimus poteſtatem*	300	00	00
To ditto for *Caſas* and *Fiſas* after a *Devaſtavit*	500	00	00
Carry over	1481	01	06

Brought

	£	s.	d.
Brought over ——	1481	11	06
To ditto for a *Capias ad compu-tandum* —— ——	100	10	06
To *Frog*'s new Tenants *per* Account to *Hocus*, for *Audita querela* —— ——	200	00	00
On the said Account for Writs of *Ejectment* and *Destringas*	300	00	00
To Esquire *South*'s Quota for a Return of a *Non est invent.* and *nulla habet bona* ——	150	10	00
To —— for a Pardon *in forma pauperis* —— ——	200	00	00
To *Jack* for a *Melius inquirendum* upon a *Felo de se* ——	100	00	00
To Don *Diego* for a *Defecit* ——	50	00	00
To Coach-hire —— ——	500	00	00
For Treats to Juries and Witneſſes	300	00	00
Sum	3382	12	00
Due by *Nic. Frog*	1691	06	00
Of which paid by *Nic. Frog*	1036	11	00
Remains due by *Nic. Frog*	654	15	00

Then *Nic. Frog* pull'd his Bill out of his Pocket, and began to read.

Nicholas Frog's Account:

Remains to be deducted out of the former Account,

	l.	s.	d.
To *Hocus* for Entries of a *Rege inconsulto*	200	00	00
To *John Bull*'s Nephew for a *Venire facias*, the Money not yet all laid out	300	00	00
The Coach-hire for my Wife and Family, and the Carriage of my Goods during the time of this Law-Suit	200	10	06
For the extraordinary Expences of feeding my Family during this Law-Suit	500	00	00
To *Major Ab.*	300	00	00
To *Major Will.*	200	00	00
Sum	1700	10	06
From which deduct	1691	06	00
There remains due to *Nic. Frog*	09	04	06

Besides, recollecting, I believe I paid for *Diego*'s *Defecit*.

John Bull. As for your *Venire facias*, I have paid you for one already; in the other, I believe you will be Nonsuited; I'll take care of my Nephew my self. Your *Coach-hire* and Family Charges are most unreasonable Deductions;

ctions; at that rate, I can bring in any Man in the World my Debtor. But who the Devil are those two *Majors* that consume all my Money? I find they always run away with the Ballance in all Accompts.

Nic. Frog. Two very honest Gentlemen, I assure you, that have done me some Service. To tell you plainly *Major Ab.* denotes thy greater Ability, and *Major Will* thy greater Willingness to carry on this Law-suit. It was but reasonable thou shouldst pay both for thy *Power* and thy *Positiveness*.

J. Bull. I believe I shall have those two honest Majors discount on my side in a little time.

Nic. Frog. Why all this Higgling with thy Friend about such a paltry Sum? Does this become the Generosity of the Noble and Rich *John Bull*? I wonder thou art not asham'd. Oh *Hocus*! *Hocus*! where art thou, it used to go another-guess manner in thy time, when a poor Man has almost undone himself for thy sake, thou art for fleecing him and fleecing him; is that thy Conscience *John*?

J. Bull. Very pleasant indeed; it is well known thou retains thy Lawyers by the Year, so a fresh Law-suit adds but little to thy Expence, they are thy Customers, I hardly ever sell them a Farthings worth of any thing; nay, thou hast set up an Eating-house, where the whole Tribe of them spend all they can rap or run; if it were well reckon'd, I believe

thou gets more of my Money than thou ſpends of thy own. However, if thou will needs plead Poverty, own at leaſt that thy Accompts are falſe.

Nic. Frog. No marry won't I, I refer my ſelf to theſe honeſt Gentlemen, let them judge between us; let Eſquire *South* ſpeak his Mind, whither my Accounts are not right, and whither we ought not to go on with our Lawſuit.

J. Bull. Conſult the Butchers about keeping of *Lent*. I tell you once for all, *John Bull* knows where his Shoe pinches, none of your Eſquires ſhall give him the Law, as long as he wears this truſty Weapon by his ſide, or has an inch of broad Cloath in his Shop.

Nic. Frog. Why there it is, you will be both Judge and Party; I am ſorry thou diſcovereſt ſo much of thy head-ſtrong Humour before theſe ſtrange Gentlemen, I have often told you that it would prove thy Ruin ſome time or another.

John ſaw clearly he ſhould have nothing but wrangling, and that he ſhould have as little Succeſs in ſettling his Accounts as ending the Compoſition: Since they will needs overload my Shoulders (quoth *John*) I ſhall throw down the Burden with a ſquaſh amongſt them, take it up who dares; a Man has a fine time of it, amongſt a combination of Sharpers, that Vouch for one anothers Honeſty! *John*, look to thy ſelf, Old *Lewis* makes reaſonable

Offers,

Offers, when thou haſt ſpent the ſmall Pittance that is left, thou wilt make a glorious Figure when thou art brought to live upon *Nic. Frog* and Eſquire *South*'s Generoſity and Gratitude, if they uſe thee thus, when they want thee, what will they do when thou wants them? I ſay again, *John* look to thy ſelf.

John wiſely ſtifled his Reſentments, and told the Company that in a little time he ſhould give them Law, or ſomething better.

All. Law! Law! Sir, by all means, what is Twenty Two poor Years towards the finiſhing a Law-ſuit? For the Love of God more Law, Sir!

J. Bull. Prepare your Demands, how many Years more of Law you want, that I may order my Affairs accordingly. In the mean while farewel.

CHAP. III.

How John Bull *found all his Family in an Uproar at Home.*

NIc. *Frog*, who thought of nothing but carrying *John* to the Market, and there diſpoſing of him as his own proper Goods, was mad to find that *John* thought himſelf now of Age to look after his own Affairs. He reſolv'd to traverſe this

new

new Project, and to make him uneaſie in his own Family. He had corrupted or deluded moſt of his Servants into the extravagantest Conceits in the World, that their Maſter was run mad, and wore a Dagger in one Pocket, and Poiſon in the other; that he had ſold his Wife and Children to *Devis*, diſinherited his Heir, and was going to ſettle his Eſtate upon a Pariſh Boy; that if they did not look after their Maſter, he would do ſome very miſchievous Thing. When *John* came home he found a more ſurprising Scene than any he had yet met with, and that you will ſay was ſomewhat extraordinary.

He call'd his Cook-maid *Betty* to beſpeak his Dinner, *Betty* told him, *That ſhe beg'd his Pardon, ſhe could not dreſs Dinner till ſhe knew what he intended to do with his Will.* Why *Betty*, Forſooth (quoth *John*) thou art not run mad art thou? My Will at preſent is to have Dinner: That may be (quoth *Betty*) but my Conſcience won't allow me to dreſs it, till I know whither you intend to do righteous Things by your Heir? I am ſorry for that *Betty* (quoth *John*) I muſt find ſome body elſe then. Then he call'd *John* the Barber. Before I begin (quoth *John*) I hope your Honour won't be offended, if I aſk you whither you intend to alter your Will? If you won't give me a poſitive Anſwer, your Beard may grow down to your Middle, for me. I gad and ſo it ſhall (quoth *Bull*) for I will never truſt any Throat

in

in ſuch a mad Fellows Hands. Where's *Dick* the Butler? Look ye (quoth *Dick*) I am very willing to ſerve you in my Calling, d'ye ſee, but there are ſtrange Reports, and plain-dealing is beſt, d'ye ſee. I muſt be ſatisfied if you intend to leave all to your Nephew, and if *Nic. Frog* is ſtill your Executor, d'ye ſee; if you will not ſatisfie me as to theſe Points, d'ye ſee, you may drink with the Ducks: And ſo I will (quoth *John*) rather than keep a Butler that loves my Heir better than my ſelf. *Hob* the Shoemaker, and *Pricket* the Taylor told him, they would moſt willingly ſerve him in their ſeveral Stations, if he would promiſe them never to talk with *Lewis Baboon*, and let *Nicolas Frog*, Linnen-draper, manage his Concerns; that they could neither make Shoes nor Cloaths to any that were not in good Correſpondence with their worthy Friend *Nicolas*.

J. Bull. Call *Andrew* my Journey-Man: How goes Affairs, *Andrew*? I hope the Devil has not taken Poſſeſſion of thy Body too.

Andrew. No, Sir, I only deſire to know what you would do if you were dead?

J. Bull. Juſt as other dead Folks do, *Andrew*. This is Amazing [*Aſide*.

Andrew. I mean if your Nephew ſhall inherit your Eſtate?

J. Bull. That depends upon himſelf. I ſhall do nothing to hinder him.

Andrew. But will you make it ſure?

J. Bull. Thou mean'it, that I ſhould put him in Poſſeſſion, for I can make it no ſurer without that, he has all the Law can give him.

Andrew. Indeed Poſſeſſion, as you ſay, would make it much ſurer; they ſay, it is eleven points of the Law.

John began now to think that they were all enchanted; he enquires about the Age of the Moon, if *Nic* had not given them ſome intoxicating *Potion*, or if old Mother *Jeniſa* was not ſtill alive. No, o'my faith (quoth *Hurry*) I believe there is no *Potion* in the Caſe, but a little *Aurum Potabile*. You will have more of this by and by. He had ſcarce ſpoke the Word, when of a ſudden *Don Diego*, follow'd by a great Multitude of his Tenants and Work-men, came ruſhing into the Room.

D. Diego. Since thoſe worthy Perſons, who are as much concern'd for your Safety as I am, have employ'd me as their Orator, I deſire to know whither you will have it by way of *Syllogiſm*, *Enthymem*, *Dilemma* or *Sorites*.

John now began to be diverted with their Extravagance.

J. Bull. Let's have a *Sorites* by all means, tho' they are all new to me.

D. Diego. It is evident to all that are verſed in Hiſtory, that there were two *Siſters* that play'd the Whore, two thouſand Years ago: Therefore it plainly follows, that it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any manner

of

of Entercourſe with *Lewis Baboon*. If it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any manner of Entercourſe (Correſpondence, if you will, that is much the ſame thing) then *a Fortiori*, it is much more unlawful for the ſaid *John* to make over his Wife and Children to the ſaid *Lewis*; if his Wife and Children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a Dagger and Ratsbane in his *Pockets*; if he wears a Dagger and Ratsbane, it muſt be to do Miſchief to himſelf or ſome body elſe; if he intends to do Miſchief, he ought to be under Guardians, and there is none ſo fit as my ſelf and ſome other worthy Perſons, who have a Commiſſion for that purpoſe from *Nic. Frog*, the Executor of his Will and Teſtament.

J. Bull. And this is your *Sorites*, you ſay; with that he ſnatch'd a good tough Oaken Cudgel, and began to brandiſh it; then happy was the Man that was firſt at the Door; crouding to get out, they tumbled down Stairs, and it is credibly reported ſome of them drop'd very valuable Things in the hurry, which were pick'd up by others of the Family.

That any of theſe Rogues (quoth *John*) ſhould imagine I am not as much concern'd as they about having my Affairs in a ſettled Condition, or that I would wrong my Heir for I know not what. Well *Nic.* I really cannot but applaud thy Diligence, I muſt own

this is really a pretty ſort of a Trick, but it ſhan't do thy Buſineſs for all that.

CHAP. IV.

How Lewis Baboon *came to viſit* John Bull, *and what paſs'd between them.*

I Think it is but ingenuous to acquaint the Reader, that this Chapter was not wrote by Sir *Humphry* himſelf, but by another very able *Pen* of the Univerſity of *Grubſtreet*.

John had (by ſome good Inſtructions that was given him by Sir *Roger*) got the better of his Cholerick Temper, and wrought himſelf up to a great ſteadineſs of Mind, to purſue his own Intereſt through all Impediments that were thrown in the way; he began to leave off ſome of his old Aquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the Streets; he put on a ſerious Air, knit his Brows, and for the time had made a very conſiderable progreſs in Politicks, conſidering that he had been kept a ſtranger to his own Affairs. However, he could not help diſcovering ſome remains of his Nature, when he happen'd to meet with a Foot-Ball, or a Match at Cricket; for which Sir *Roger* was ſure to take him to task. *John* was walking about his Room with folded Arms, and a moſt thoughtful Countenance, his Servant brought him Word that one *Lewis*

Baboon

Baboon below wanted to ſpeak with him. *John* had got an Impreſſion that *Lewis* was ſo deadly a cunning Man, that he was afraid to venture himſelf alone with him: At laſt he took heart of Grace. *Let him come up* (quoth he) *it is but ſticking to my Point, and he can never over-reach me.*

Lewis Baboon. Monſieur *Bull* I will frankly acknowledge, that my Behaviour to my Neighbours has been ſomewhat uncivil, and I believe you will readily grant me, that I have met with Uſage accordingly. I was fond of Back-ſword and Cudgel play from my Youth, and I now bear in my Body many a black and blue Gaſh and Scars, God knows. I had as good a Ware-houſe, and as fair Poſſeſſions as any of my Neighbours, tho' I ſay it; but a contentious Temper, flattering Servants, and unfortunate Stars, have brought me into Circumſtances that are not unknown to you. Theſe my Misfortunes are heighten'd by domeſtick Calamities, that I need not relate. I am a poor old batter'd Fellow, and I would willingly end my Days in Peace: But alas, I ſee but ſmall hopes of that, for every new Circumſtance affords an Argument to my Enemies to purſue their Revenge; formerly I was to be bang'd becauſe I was too Strong, and now becauſe I am too Weak to reſiſt, I am to be brought down when too Rich, and oppreſſed when too Poor. *Nic. Frog* has uſed me like a *Scoundrel*; You are a

Gentleman, and I freely put my ſelf in your Hands, to diſpoſe of me as you think fit.

J. Bull. Look you, Maſter *Baboon*, as to your Uſage of your Neighbours, you had beſt not dwell too much upon that Chapter; let it ſuffice at preſent that you have been met with, you have been rolling a great Stone up-hill all your Life, and at laſt it has come tumbling down till it is like to cruſh you to pieces: Plain-dealing is beſt. If you have any particular Mark, Mr. *Baboon*, whereby one may know when you Fib, and when you ſpeak Truth, you had beſt tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly; but ſince at preſent I know of none ſuch, it is better that you ſhould truſt me, than that I ſhould truſt you.

L. Baboon. I know of no particular Mark of Veracity, amongſt us Tradeſmen, but Intereſt; and it is manifeſtly mine not to deceive you at this time; you may ſafely truſt me, I can aſſure you.

J. Bull. The Truſt I give is in ſhort this, I muſt have ſomething in hand before I make the Bargain, and the reſt before it is concluded.

L. Baboon. To ſhew you I deal fairly, name your Something.

J. Bull. I need not tell thee, old Boy; thou canſt gueſs.

L. Baboon, *Eccleſdown Caſtle*, I'll warrant you, becauſe it has been formerly in your Fami-

Family! Say no more, you shall have it.

J. Bull. I shall have it to m'own self?

L. Baboon. To thy n'own self.

J. Bull. Every Wall, Gate, Room, and Inch of *Ecclesdown Castle*, you say?

L. Baboon. Just so.

J. Bull. Every single Stone of *Ecclesdown Castle*, to m'own self, speedily!

L. Baboon. When you please, what needs more Words?

J. Bull. But tell me, old Boy, hast thou laid aside all thy *Equivocals* and *Mentals* in this case?

L. Baboon. There is nothing like Matter of Fact; Seeing is Believing.

J. Bull. Now thou talk'st to the purpose; let us shake Hands, old Boy. Let me ask thee one Question more, What hast thou to do to meddle with the Affairs of my Family? To dispose of my Estate, old Boy?

L. Baboon. Just as much as you have to do with the Affairs of Lord *Strut*.

J. Bull. Ay, but my Trade, my very Being, was concern'd in that.

L. Baboon. And my Interest was concern'd in the other: but let us drop both our Pretences; for I believe it is a moot point, whether I am more likely to make a Master *Bull*, or you a Lord *Strut*.

J. Bull. Agreed, old Boy; but then I must have Security that I shall carry my Broadcloth to Market, old Boy.

L. Baboon. That you ſhall: *Eccleſdown Caſtle! Eccleſdown!* Remember that: Why would'ſt thou not take it when it was offer'd thee ſome Years ago?

J. Bull. I would not take it, becauſe they told me thou would'ſt not give it me.

L. Baboon. How could Monſieur *Bull* be ſo groſly abuſed by downright Nonſenſe? They that adviſed you to refuſe, muſt have believed I intended to give, elſe why would they not make the Experiment? But I can tell you more of that Matter than perhaps you know at preſent.

J. Bull. But what ſay'ſt thou as to the Eſquire, *Nic. Frog*, and the reſt of the Tradeſmen? I muſt take care of them.

L. Baboon. Thou haſt but ſmall Obligations to *Nic*, to my certain Knowledge: He has not us'd me like a Gentleman.

J. Bull. Nic, indeed, is not very nice in your Punctilio's of Ceremony; he is Clowniſh, as a Man may ſay; Belching and Calling of Names have been allow'd him time out of mind, by Preſcription: but however, we are engag'd in one Common Cauſe, and I muſt look after him.

L. Baboon. All Matters that relate to him, and the reſt of the Plantiffs in this Law-Suit, I will refer to your Juſtice.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Nic. Frog's *Letter to* John Bull; *wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his Conduct, with relation to* John Bull *and the Law-Suit.*

NIC. perceiv'd now that his Cully had elop'd, that *John* intended henceforth to deal without a Broker; but he was resolv'd to leave no Stone unturn'd to recover his Bubble: Amongst other Artifices, he wrote a most obliging Letter, which he sent him Printed in a fair Character.

Dear Friend,

" When I consider the late ill Usage I have " met with from you, I was reflecting what " it was that could provoke you to it; but " upon a narrow Inspection into my Con- " duct, I can find nothing to reproach my " self with, but too partial a Concern for " your Interest. You no sooner set this " Composition a-foot, but I was ready to " comply, and prevented your very Wishes; " and the Affair might have been ended be- " fore now, had it not been for the greater " Concerns of Esq; *South*, and the other poor " Creatures, embark'd in the same Common " Cause, whose Safety touches me to the " Quick. You seem'd a little jealous that I " had dealt unfairly with you in Money-mat-

" ters,

" ters, till it appear'd by your own Ac-
" counts, that there was something due to
" me upon the Ballance. Having nothing
" to answer to so plain a Demonstration, you
" began to complain as if I had been fami-
" liar with your Reputation; when it is well
" known, not only I, but the meanest Ser-
" vant in my Family, talk of you with the
" utmost Respect. I have always, as far as
" in me lies, exhorted your Servants and
" Tenants to be dutiful; not that I any
" ways meddle in your domestick Affairs,
" which were very unbecoming for me to
" do. If some of your Servants express their
" great Concern for you in a manner that is
" not so very polite, you ought to impute it
" to their extraordinary Zeal, which deserves
" a Reward rather than a Reproof. You can-
" not reproach me for want of Success at the
" *Salutation*, since I am not Master of the
" Passions and Interests of other Folks. I
" have beggar'd my self with this Law-Suit,
" undertaken merely in Complaisance to you;
" and if you would have had but a little Pa-
" tience, I had still greater things in Reserve
" that I intended to have done for you. I
" hope what I have said will prevail with you
" to lay aside your unreasonable Jealousies,
" and that we may have no more Meetings
" at the *Salutation*, spending our Time and
" Money to no Purpose. My Concern for
" your Welfare and Prosperity, almost makes

" me

" me mad? You may be assur'd I will con-
" tinue to be

Your affectionate

Friend and Servant,

NIC. FROG.

John receiv'd this with a good deal of *Sang froid*; *Transeat* (quoth *John*) *cum cæteris erroribus*: He was now at his Ease; he saw he could now make a very good Bargain for himself, and a very safe one for other Folks. My Shirt (quoth he) is near me, but my Skin is nearer: Whilst I take care of the Welfare of other Folks, no body can blame me, to apply a little Balsam to my own Sores. It's a pretty thing, after all, for a Man to do his own Business; a Man has such a tender Concern for himself, there's nothing like it. This is somewhat better, I trow, than for *John Bull* to be standing in the Market, like a great Dray-horse, with *Frog*'s Paws upon his Head, *What will ye give me for this Beast? Serviteur* Nic. Frog, *you may kiss my Backside if you please.* Though *John Bull* has not read your *Aristotles*, *Plato*'s, and *Machiavels*, he can see as far into a Milstone as another; With that *John* began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to burst his Sides.

CHAP. VI.

The Discourse that pass'd between Nic. Frog *and Esquire* South, *which* John Bull *overheard.*

John thought every Minute a Year till he got into *Eccleſdown Caſtle*; he repairs to the *Salutation*, with a Deſign to break the Matter gently to his Partners: Before he enter'd, he overheard *Nic.* and the Eſquire in a very pleaſant Conference.

Eſq; South. Oh the Ingratitude and Injuſtice of Mankind! That *John Bull*, whom I have honour'd with my Friendſhip and Protection ſo long, ſhould flinch at laſt, and pretend that he can diſburſe no more Money for me; that the Family of the *Souths*, by his ſneaking Temper, ſhould be kept out of their own.

Nic. Frog. An't like your Worſhip, I am in amaze at it; I think the Rogue ſhould be compell'd to do his Duty.

Eſq; South. That he ſhould prefer his ſcandalous Pelf, the Duſt and Dregs of the Earth, to the Proſperity and Grandeur of my Family!

Nic. Frog. Nay, he is miſtaken there too; for, he would quickly lick himſelf whole again by his Vails. It's ſtrange he ſhould prefer *Philip Baboon*'s Cuſtom to *Eſq; South*'s.

Esq; South. As you ſay, that my Clothier, that is to get ſo much by the Purchaſe, ſhould refuſe to put me in Poſſeſſion; did you ever know any Man's Tradeſman ſerve him ſo before?

Nic. Frog. No, indeed, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, it is a very unuſual Proceeding; and I would not have been guilty of it for the World. If your Honour had not a great Stock of Moderation and Patience, you would not bear it ſo well as you do.

Esq; South. It is moſt intolerable, that's certain *Nic.* and I will be reveng'd.

Nic Frog. Methinks it is ſtrange, that *Philip Baboon*'s Tenants do not all take your Honour's part, conſidering how good and gentle a Maſter you are.

Esq; South. True, *Nic.* but few are ſenſible of Merit in this World: It is a great Comfort, to have ſo faithful a Friend as thy ſelf in ſo critical a Juncture.

Nic. Frog. If all the World ſhould forſake you, be aſſur'd *Nic. Frog* never will; let us ſtick to our Point, and we'll manage *Bull*, I'll warrant ye.

Esq; South. Let me kiſs thee, dear *Nic.* I have found one honeſt Man amongſt a thouſand at laſt.

Nic. Frog. If it were poſſible, your Honour has it in your Power to wed me ſtill cloſer to your Intereſt.

Esq; South. Tell me quickly, dear *Nic.*

Nic. Frog. You know I am your Tenant; the Difference between my Leaſe and an Inheritance is ſuch a Trifle, as I am ſure you will not grudge your poor Friend; that will be an Encouragement to go on; beſides, it will make *Bull* as mad as the Devil: You and I ſhall be able to manage him then to ſome purpoſe.

Eſq; South. Say no more, it ſhall be done *Nic.* to thy Heart's Content.

John, all this while, was liſtening to this comical Dialogue, and laugh'd heartily in his Sleeve, at the Pride and Simplicity of the *Eſquire*, and the ſly Roguery of his Friend *Nic.* Then of a ſudden bolting into the Room, he began to tell them, that he believ'd he had brought *Lewis* to reaſonable Terms, if they would pleaſe to hear them.

Then they all bawl'd out aloud, *No Compoſition, Long live Eſquire* South *and the Law!* As *John* was going to proceed, ſome roar'd, ſome ſtamp'd with their Feet, others ſtop'd their Ears with their Fingers.

Nay, Gentlemen (quoth *John*) if you will but ſtop proceeding for a while, you ſhall judge your ſelves whether *Lewis*'s Propoſals are reaſonable.

All. Very fine indeed, ſtop proceeding, and ſo loſe a Term.

J. Bull. Not ſo neither, we have ſomething by way of Advance, he will put us in Poſſeſſion of his Manior and Caſtle of *Eccleſtoun.*

Nic.

Nic. Frog. What doſt talk of us, thou meanſt thy ſelf?

J. Bull. When *Frog* took Poſſeſſion of anything it was always ſaid to be for *Us*, and why may not *John Bull* be *Us*, as well as *Nic. Frog* was *Us*? I hope *John Bull* is no more confin'd to Singularity than *Nic. Frog*; or take it ſo, the conſtant Doctrine that thou haſt preach'd up for many Years, was that Thou and I are One; and why muſt we be ſuppoſed Two in this Caſe, that were always One before? It's impoſſible that Thou and I can fall out *Nic.* we muſt truſt one another: I have truſted thee with a great many things, prithee truſt me with this one Trifle.

Nic. Frog. That Principle is true in the main; but there is ſome Speciality in this Caſe, that makes it highly inconvenient for us both.

J. Bull. Thoſe are your Jealouſies, that the common Enemies ſow between us; how often haſt thou warn'd me of thoſe Rogues, *Nic.* that would make us miſtruſtful of one another?

Nic. Frog. This *Eccleſdoun*-Caſtle is only a Bone of Contention.

J. Bull. It depends upon you to make it ſo, for my part I am as peaceable as a Lamb.

Nic. Frog. But do you conſider the unwholeſomneſs of the Air and Soil, the Expences of Reparations and Servants, I would ſcorn to accept of ſuch a Quag-mire.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. You are a great Man, *Nic.* but in my Circumſtances, I muſt be e'en content to take it as it is.

Nic. Frog. And you are really ſo ſilly, as to believe the old cheating Rogue will give it you.

J. Bull. I believe nothing but Matter of Fact, I ſtand and fall by that, I am reſolv'd to put him to it.

Nic. Frog. And ſo relinquiſh the hopefuleſt Cauſe in the World, a Claim that will certainly in the End, make thy Fortune for ever.

J. Bull. Wilt thou purchaſe it *Nic?* thou ſhalt have a lumping Pennyworth; nay, rather than we ſhould differ, I'll give thee ſomething to take it off my Hands.

Nic. Frog. If thou would'ſt but moderate that haſty impatient Temper of thine, thou ſhould'ſt quickly ſee a better thing than all that: What ſhould'ſt thou think to find old *Lewis* turn'd out of his paternal Eſtates and Manſion-houſe of *Clay-Pool?* Would not that do thy Heart good to ſee thy old Friend *Nic. Frog* Lord of *Clay Pool?* Then thou and thy Wife and Children ſhall walk in my Gardens, buy Toys, drink Lemonade, and now and then we ſhould have a Country-dance.

J. Bull. I love to be plain, I'd as lieve ſee my ſelf in *Eccleſdoun*-Caſtle, as thee in *Clay-Pool.* I tell you again, *Lewis* gives this as a Pledge

Pledge of his Sincerity, if you won't stop proceeding to hear him, I will.

CHAP. VII.

The rest of Nic's *Fetches to keep* John *out of* Eccleſdoun-*Caſtle.*

WHEN *Nic.* could not diſwade *John* by Argument, he try'd to move his Pity, he pretended to be ſick and like to dye, that he ſhould leave his Wife and Children in a ſtarving Condition, if *John* did abandon him; that he was hardly able to traul about the Room, far leſs capable to look after ſuch a troubleſome Buſineſs as this Law-ſuit, and therefore begg'd that his good Friend would not leave him. When he ſaw that *John* was ſtill inexorable, he pull'd out a Caſe-Knife, with which he uſed to Sneaker-ſnee, and threaten'd to cut his own Throat. "Thrice "he aim'd the Knife to his Wind-pipe with a "moſt determin'd threatning Air. What "ſignifies Life (quoth he) in this languiſhing "Condition, it will be ſome Pleaſure that "my Friends will revenge my Death upon "this barbarous Man, that has been the "Cauſe of it?" All this while *John* look'd ſedate and Calm, neither offering in the leaſt to ſnatch the Knife, nor ſtop his Blow, truſting to the Tenderneſs *Nic.* had for his own Perſon,

ſon; When he perceiv'd that *John* was immoveable in his Purpoſe, he apply'd himſelf to *Lewis*.

Art thou (quoth he) turn'd Bubble in thy Old Age, from being a Sharper in thy Youth? what occaſion haſt thou to give up *Eccleſdoun*-Caſtle to *John Bull*? his Friendſhip is not worth a Ruſh, give it me and I'll make it worth the while. If thou diſlikeſt that Propoſition, keep it thy ſelf, I'd rather thou ſhouldeſt have it than he. If thou hearkens not to my Advice, take what follows; Eſquire *South* and I will go on with our Law-ſuit in ſpite of *John Bull*'s Teeth.

L. Baboon. Monſieur *Bull* has uſed me like a Gentleman, and I am reſolv'd to make good my Promiſe, and truſt him for the Conſequences.

Nic. Frog. Then I tell thee thou art an old doating Fool. With that *Nic* bounc'd up with a Spring equal to that of one of your nimbleſt Tumblers or Rope dancers, falls foul upon *John Bull* to ſnatch the Cudgel he had in his Hand, that he might Thwack *Lewis* with it. *John* held it faſt, ſo that there was no wrenching it from him. At laſt *Eſquire South* buckl'd to, to aſſiſt his Friend *Nic*. *John* hall'd on one ſide, and they two on the other; ſometimes they were like to pull *John* over; then it went, all of a ſudden again, on *John*'s ſide, ſo they went ſee-ſawing up and down, from one End of the Room to the other:

other: Down tumbl'd the Tables, Bottles, Glaſſes, and Tobacco Pipes: The Wine and the Tobacco were all ſpilt about the Room, and the little Fellows were almoſt trod under Foot, 'till more of the Tradeſmen joyning with *Nic.* and the Eſquire, *John* was hardly able to pull againſt them all, yet he never quit hold of his truſty Cudgel; which by the contranitent Force of two ſo great Powers, broke ſhort in his Hands. *Nic.* ſeiz'd the longer end, and with it began to Baſtinado Old *Lewis*, who had ſlunk into a Corner, waiting the Event of this Squabble. *Nic* came up to him with an inſolent menacing Air, ſo that the old Fellow was forc'd to skuttle out of the Room, and retire behind a Dung-cart: He call'd to *Nic*, thou inſolent Jackanapes, time was when thou durſt not have uſed me ſo, thou now takeſt me unprovided, but old and infirm as I am, I ſhall find a Weapon by and by to chaſtiſe thy Impudence.

When *John Bull* had recover'd his Breath, he began to parly with *Nic.* *Friend* Nic, *I am glad to find thee ſo ſtrong after thy great Complaints; really thy Motions* Nic. *are pretty Vigorous for a conſumptive Man.* As for thy worldly Affairs *Nic*, if it can do thee any Service, I freely make over to thee this profitable Law-ſuit; and I deſire all theſe Gentlemen to bear witneſs to this my Act and Deed, yours be all the Gain, as mine has been the

Charges, I have brought it to bear finely: However, all I have laid out upon it goes for nothing, thou ſhalt have it with all its Appurtenances, I ask nothing but leave to go home.

Nic. Frog. The Counſel are fee'd, and all Things prepared for a Tryal, thou ſhalt be forced to ſtand the Iſſue: It ſhall be pleaded in thy Name as well as mine: Go home if thou can'ſt, the Gates are ſhut, the Turnpikes locked, and the Roads barracado'd.

J. Bull. Even theſe very ways *Nic* that thou toldeſt me, were as open to me as thy ſelf? If I can't paſs with my own Equipage, what can I expect for my Goods and Waggons? I am deny'd Paſſage through thoſe very Grounds that I have purchaſed with my own Money; however, I am glad I have made the Experiment, it may ſerve me in ſome ſtead.

John Bull was ſo over-joy'd that he was going to take Poſſeſſion of *Eccleſdoun*, that nothing could vex him. *Nic* (quoth he) *I am juſt a going to leave thee, caſt a kind look upon me at parting.*

Nic look'd ſower and grum, and would not open his Mouth.

J. Bull. I wiſh thee all the Succeſs that thy Heart can deſire, and that theſe honeſt Gentlemen of the long Robe may have their Belly full of Law.

Nic

Nic could ſtand it no longer, but flung out of the Room with diſdain, and beckon'd the Lawyers to follow him.

J. Bull. Buy, buy Nic, *not one poor Smile at parting, won't you ſhake your day-day,* Nic? *Buy* Nic: With that *John* march'd out of the common Road croſs the Country, to take Poſſeſſion of *Eccleſdoun.*

CHAP. VIII.

Of the great Joy that John *expreſs'd when he got Poſſeſſion of* Eccleſdoun.

WHEN *John* had got into his Caſtle, he ſeem'd like *Ulyſſes* upon his Plank after he had been well ſous'd in Salt-water; who (as *Homer* ſays) was as glad as a Judge going to ſit down to Dinner, after hearing a long Cauſe upon the Bench. I dare ſay *John Bull*'s Joy was equal to that of either of the two; he skip'd from Room to Room; ran up Stairs and down Stairs, from the Kitchen to the Garrets, and from the Garrets to the Kitchen; he peep'd into every Crany; ſometimes he admired the Beauty of the Architecture, and the vaſt Solidity of the Maſons Work; at other times he commended the Symetry and Proportion of the Rooms. He walk'd

about the Gardens; he Bath'd himſelf in the Canal, ſwimming, diving, and beating the liquid Element, like a milk-white Swan. The Hall reſounded with the ſprightly Violin and the martial Hautboy. The Family trip'd it about and Caper'd like *Hail-ſtones bounding from a Marble Floor:* Wine, Ale and October flew about as plentifully as Kennel-Water; then a Frolick took *John* in the Head to call up ſome of *Nic Frog*'s Penſioners that had been ſo mutinous in his Family.

J. Bull. Are you glad to ſee your Maſter in *Eccleſdoun*-Caſtle?

All. Yes indeed, Sir.

J. Bull. Extremely glad?

All. Extremely glad, Sir.

J. Bull. Swear to me that you are ſo.

Then they began to damn and ſink their Souls to the loweſt Pit of Hell, if any Perſon in the World rejoyc'd more than they did.

J. Bull. Now hang me if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjur'd Raſcals; however take this Bumper of October to your Maſter's Health.

Then *John* got upon the Battlements, and looking over he call'd to *Nic Frog*.

How d'ye do *Nic?* D'ye ſee where I am *Nic?* I hope the Cauſe goes on ſwimmingly *Nic*; when doſt thou intend to go to *Clay-Pool, Nic?* Wilt thou buy there ſome High-Heads of the neweſt Cut for my Daughters? How comeſt thou to go with thy Arm ty'd up?

up? Has old *Lewis* given thee a rap over the Finger-ends? Thy Weapon was a good one when I weilded it, but the Butt-end remains in my Hands. I am ſo buſy in packing up my Goods, that I have no time to talk with thee any longer: It would do thy Heart good to ſee what Waggon Loads I am preparing for Market; if thou wanteſt any good Office of mine, for all that has happen'd, I will uſe thee well *Nic*; buy *Nic*.

*** John Bull's *Thanks to Sir* Roger, *and* Nic Frog's *Malediction upon all Shrews, the Original Cauſe of his Misfortunes, are reſerv'd for the next Volume.*

FINIS.

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